

# MARIA BOTCHKAREVA'S WOMAN SOLDIERS MAKE PLEA FOR DISCIPLINE IN CORPS

### Yashka Refuses, in Face of Death Threat, to Permit Establishment of Soldiers Committee in Woman's Battalion of Which She Is Head

### After Being Mobbed and Beaten Russian Peasant Girl Is Given Extraordinary Honors, Her Banners Blessed and a Commission Bestowed

but, convinced of my right, there was no retreating for me. Events have completely justified my feeling. The Russian army, once the most colossal military machine in the world, was wrecked in a few months by the committee system. Coming from the trenches, where I learned at first hand what a curse the committee proved, I realized early their portentous significance. To me it has always been clear that a committee meant ceaseless speechmaking. That was the outstanding factor about it, and I considered no other aspect of it. I knew that the Germans worked all day while our boys talked, and, in war

sent into our midst. Then my officers ordered the battalion to fire. There followed an awful mix-up. Two of my instructors were killed, one while defending me. Two others were wounded. Ten of my girls were also wounded. Many bullets grazed me, but I escaped till struck unconscious by a blow on the head with an iron bar from behind. Many onlookers became mixed up in the scrap and the result was a panic. I recovered consciousness in the evening. I was in my own bed with a physician beside it. He told me that although I had lost considerable blood, my wound was not serious and



Recruits of Battalion of Death in Petrograd before they went to the front

I always understood it was action that counted and conquered.

### The Battalion at the Front

THE same morning on which the telegram came from General Polovtzev there also arrived a banner, with an inscription that read something like this:

"Long Live the Provisional Government! Let Those Who Can Advance Forward, Brave Women! To the Defense of the Bleeding Motherland!" We were to march with this banner in the demonstration organized in opposition to the Bolshevik demonstration, set for that day. The Invalids were to march in the same parade. I talked matters over with their chief when we met at Morskaya.

The air was charged with alarming rumors. The captain of the Invalids placed fifty revolvers at my disposal. I distributed them among the instructors and my other officers, leaving a pair for myself.

The band of the Volynski Regiment headed the Battalion of Death as half the soldiers of that regiment had refused to march against the Bolsheviks, having already been contaminated with Bolshevik ideas, although it was only June.

Mars Field, our destination, was about five versts from our barracks. The whole route was lined with enormous crowds which cheered us and the Invalids of whom there were only about 500. Many women on the sidewalks wept, mourning the girls that I was leading into what seemed a death trap with the Bolsheviks. Everybody said, "Something is going to happen today."

As we approached the Mars Field where the opposing demonstration was held I ordered my soldiers to sit down and rest for fifteen minutes.

"Stroyasia!" (Form ranks!) I ordered at the end of that time. We were all more or less nervous, as if on the eve of an offensive. I addressed a few words to the battalion, instructing them to stick by me to the end; not to insult anybody, not to run at the provocation, in order to avoid a panic. They all pledged themselves to fulfill my instructions.

Before resuming the march, the captain of the Invalids, several of his sub-company officers and all my instructors came forward and asked to march in the front row with me. I objected, but they insisted, and I finally had to give way, in spite of my desire to show the Bolsheviks that I was not afraid.

The crowds on the Mars Field were indeed enormous. A stream of marchers with Bolshevik banners flowed into the great square. We stopped within fifty feet of a Bolshevik crowd and were met promptly by a hail of jokes and curses. The opponents derided the provisional government and shouted: "Long live the Revolutionary Democracy! Down with the War!"

Some of the girls could not suppress their indignation and began to reply, provoking a hot argument. "When you cry, 'Down with the war,' you are helping to destroy free Russia," I exclaimed, stepping forward and addressing myself to the turbulent neighbors. "We must beat the Germans first and then there will be no war."

"Kill her! Kill her!" several voices threatened. Greatly aroused, I pushed a few steps toward the crowd. My fingers gripped the two pistols, but in all the excitement that followed, the idea was fixed in my mind that I must not shoot at my own people, common workers and peasants.

"Wake up, you deluded sons of Russia! Think what you are doing! You are destroying the Motherland! Scoundrels!" I concluded as their derision continued.

My instructors tried to hold me back as the throng swarmed around me, but I tore myself out of their arms and plunged into the thick of it. I worked myself up to such a state of frenzy that I did not cease talking even when a volley of shots was

**Help Keep Your Hair** With Hot Shampoos of Cuticura Soap  
All drug stores. Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ & 50¢. Talcum 25¢. Sample each free of Cuticura Soap, 15¢, Boston.

(Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.) This story, told by Maria Botchkareva and translated and transcribed by Isaac Don Levine, is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company under the title of "Yashka."

### THIS STARTS THE STORY

In the summer of 1917 Maria Botchkareva formed the Battalion of Death, a woman's fighting unit in the Russian army and a peasant girl thus stepped into the international hall of fame. This is her story. In the earlier installments she told of the hardships of her childhood, the brutalities of her marriage life, and the realization of her wish to become a soldier. She tells of battles won and of the disorganization of the army following the overthrow of the czar. It is her desire to shame the men that prompts her to form the Battalion of Death with the consent of Kerensky. But she meets with difficulties. War-weary mobs assail her. The government, backed by Bolsheviks and pacifists, seeks to undermine discipline in her battalion.

### AND HERE IT CONTINUES

It was reported to me that General Polovtzev was actually frightened, surrounded by the throng of raging and menacing women. He sent them back to the Institute, promising that he would not disband them and that he would come to the barracks at 9 o'clock the following morning. I went with the messenger to the quarters and found everything in splendid order. The girls seemed anxious to comfort their Natchanik, and so maintained calm and moved on tip-toe.

In the morning everything went as usual, the rising hour, prayers, breakfast and drilling. At 9 I was informed that General Polovtzev, the adjutant of Kerensky, Captain Dementiev and several of the women who took an interest in the battalion were at the gate. I quickly formed the battalion. The general greeted us and we saluted. He then shook hands with me and gave orders to let the girls out into the garden, for he wished to talk things over with me.

I asked myself, as I led the group of distinguished visitors into the house, what it all meant. "If it means that they came to persuade me to form a committee," I thought, "then it will make it mighty hard for me, but I shall refuse all pleas."

My anticipation proved correct. The general had brought all these patronesses of mine to help him break my obstinacy. He immediately launched into an exposition of the necessity to comply with general regulations and introduce the committee system in the army. He argued along the already familiar lines but I would not budge. He gradually became angry.

"Are you a soldier?" he repeated the question put to me by Kerensky. "Yes, Gospodin General!"

"Then why don't you obey orders?"

"Because they are against the interests of the country. The committees are a plague. They have destroyed our army," I answered.

"But it is the law of the country," he declared.

"Yes, and it is a ruinous law, designed to disrupt the front in time of war."

"Now I ask you to do it as a matter of form," he argued in a different tone altogether, perhaps himself realizing the truth of my words. "All the army committees are beginning to wonder about you. Who is this Botchkareva? They ask why she is allowed to command without a committee? Do it only for the sake of form. Your girls are so devoted to you that a committee elected by them would never seriously bother you. At the same time it would save us trouble."

Then the women surrounded me and begged me and coaxed me to give way. Some of them wept, others embraced me, all got on my nerves. Nothing could enrage me so much as this wheedling. I grew exasperated and completely lost control of myself, tripped by hysteria.

"You are rascals, all of you! You want to destroy the country! Get out of here!" I shrieked madly. "Shut up! How dare you shout like that? I am a general! I will kill you!" Polovtzev thundered at me, trembling with ire.

"All right, you can kill me! Kill me!" I cried out, tearing my clothes and pointing to my chest. "Kill me!"

The general then threw up his hands, muttering angrily under his breath, "What the devil! This is a demon, not a woman! You can do nothing with her," and he, with his mixed suite, withdrew.

The following morning a telegram came from General Polovtzev notifying me that I would be allowed to continue my work without a committee! Thus ended the row caused by the mutiny in the battalion, and which nearly wrecked the entire undertaking. It was a hard fight that I had made.

that you escaped serious injury. There were many alarming reports about you. It was a brave act on your part to march straight into the midst of the Bolsheviks. Nevertheless, it was foolish of you and the Invalids to oppose such tremendous odds. I have heard of your victory in the fight against the introduction of the committee system in the battalion. Good for you! I wanted to call and congratulate you earlier, but was very occupied.

I sat up in bed to show my visitor that I was quite well. He told me of the appointment of General Korotkov to the command of the southwestern front and of a luncheon on the morning at the Winter Palace, at which Korotkov would be present. Rodzianko inquired if I would be strong enough to attend it and the physician thought that I probably would. Rodzianko then took leave, assuring me of his readiness to help me at all times and wishing me a speedy recovery.

### DEATHS OF A DAY

#### EX-JUSTICE PRYOR DEAD

Was Noted Soldier in Confederate Army

New York, March 15.—(By A. P.)—Roger Atkinson Pryor, former justice of the New York State Supreme Court and famous as a soldier in the Confederate army, died at his home here last night at the age of ninety.

Justice Pryor had been ill for several weeks. A week ago pneumonia, which was the immediate cause of his death, set in. Judge Roger A. Pryor was the last survivor of the firing on Fort Sumter. He outlived the thousands of participants on both sides of the historic conflict. He offered the distinction of firing the first shot that was to precipitate the civil war, he declined. "I could not fire the first gun," he said.

As a young Congressman and newspaper editor at thirty-two years of age, Pryor's fighting services in favor of state rights aroused the native Virginia. The state was seceding from the Union of secession when the company of Virginia, as Horace Greeley called him, rose before an assemblage of constituents and thundered a vote of "Strike one blow and Virginia will secede in an hour by Shakespeare's cook."

General Pryor's war record was brilliant. He served as a member of the Provisional Congress, entering the Con-

federate army as a colonel. He soon was promoted to brigadier general. Then he took a stand which is probably unprecedented in military history. His views conflicted with those of his superior officers. He resigned his general's commission, though it was never accepted, and entered the ranks of Pittsburgh Let's Cavalry as a private.

#### HENRY DOLLER

Cotton and Yarn Merchant Dies From Heart Disease

Henry D. Ollier, of 1728 Master street, a member of a prominent Philadelphia family and a broker, cotton and yarn merchant, was seized with an acute attack of heart disease at Sixteenth and Arch streets last night. He died shortly after.

Mr. Ollier was on his way to attend a meeting of the Art Workers' Building and Loan Association, Seventeenth and Arch streets, of which he was an officer. He had been ill from heart trouble for two years, but his condition was said to have improved recently. He was eighty years old.

William M. Umsted, retired contractor and descendant of David Rittenhouse, famous astronomer, dropped dead of heart disease yesterday in the blacksmith shop of Andrew Corbett, 23 East Woodlawn street, Germantown, where he had taken a horse to be shod. Mr. Umsted was eighty-one years old and lived at 675 West Johnson street, Roxborough. He was born in Rittenhouse, Roxborough, July 4, 1837. He served in the Civil War as a cavalryman, and for many years had belonged to Ellis Post No. 6 of the Grand Army. He was a member also of Roxborough Lodge No. 152 of the Masonic fraternity, Walker Lodge of the Odd Fellows, and was a trustee of the Mononite Church of Germantown. He is survived by a son, Wilson P. Umsted, and two daughters, Mrs. Katharine Cain and Miss Rebecca R. Umsted.

Charles H. Wagner, Civil War settler, well-known business man and politician, died yesterday at his home, 1528 North Twelfth street, in his eighty-second year, after an illness of five days from pneumonia. He was born December 12, 1837, in this city, and for the last sixty years has been connected with the firm of Benjamin, Shuman & Co., window and plate glass, at Fourth and Race streets. During the Civil War he joined the Pennsylvania land volunteers, and is a member of General Hector Tyndale Post, G. A. R.

## Thirty "Dear Sirs"

There is a man in New York who has specialized in writing circular letters for fifteen years. Last spring he faced a new client's problem.

It was determined to mail, in the fall, five million circular letters.

So, in the spring, six months in advance, this expert prepared thirty experimental or test letters. Notwithstanding fifteen years' experience, he prayed over and petted every sentence in every letter till he had the thirty. Then, each of these thirty "straw vote" letters was mailed to five thousand people and at the end of sixty days the "keyed" results were tabulated.

From the answers of these one hundred and fifty thousand people the prize letter determined itself; and later, in the fall, was mailed to the whole list of five million.

You remember that genius has been defined as capacity for taking infinite pains.

When you advertise, consult the painstaking type of genius rather than the brilliant who "dashes off masterpieces."

Experience plus ability makes experts in advertising as in ship-building or copper-mining.

Advertising space in the Butterick publications is for sale by accredited advertising agencies.

**Butterick—Publisher**  
The Delineator  
Everybody's Magazine  
Two dollars the year, each

# CHEAPER TRANSPORTATION INSTEAD OF CHEAPER CARS

Corporations require cars for the use of executives. They can afford to buy to the best advantage. They choose Packards for definite business considerations: longer life and higher second-hand value; ease of handling; lower maintenance cost; reliability; economy and safety; and because the Packard is professional through and through



HERE are a good many men in a rut as to motoring possibilities.

They don't know what they are missing or what it is costing them to use a compromise car.

They never will know until they get their hands on the steering wheel of a Packard Twin Six, feel its sensitive response, its pick-up and get-away, its pep and go, its ease of control, its absolute smoothness and accuracy.

The Twin Six is a remarkable car to handle in traffic. It is a revelation to the man who now grinds and jerks along in congested city streets.

It can be throttled down on high gear as low as two miles an hour and most of its work is done on high. From two miles an hour it will, in a few blocks, pull up to better than a mile a minute. But with all its speed and power it is not a racing machine; it has none of the limitations of the car built for fast travel over short distance; and it doesn't make you pay for power you don't use.

One prominent industrial man says, "The Packard has added at least three hours to my potential business day."

Another says, "With the Packard I can live 20 miles farther in the country."

Another says, "I can cover more ground and keep to schedule by my watch. These days the Packard is more reliable than the trains."

Another, "The Packard is one shining example of a motor car that an owner might elect to drive and care for himself."

There is a new science of transportation—that of motor-vehicle performance, maintenance and cost. It has to do with your car and its duty, however limited its use.

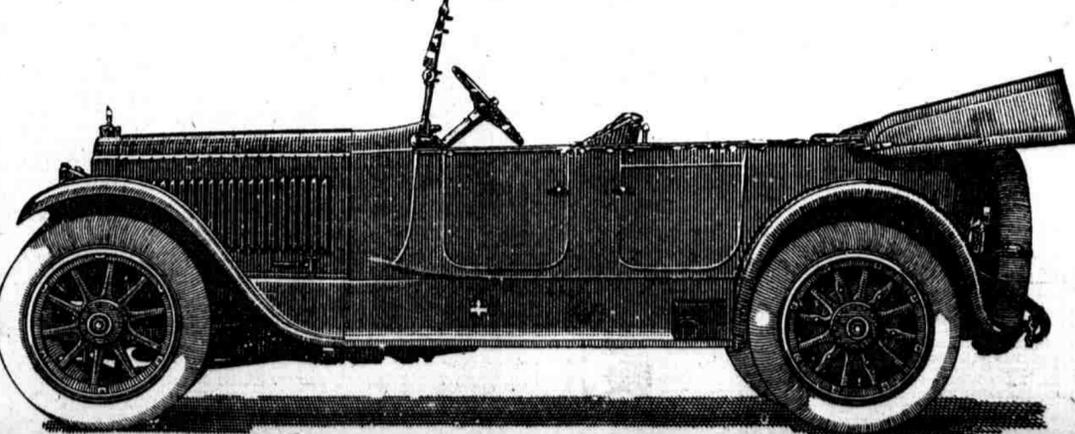
The Packard people are transportation experts; they have more to tell you on this subject than any other organization in the world. You can ask them to discuss your car problem without obligation. It is to your interest and profit to do so.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

Packard Motor Car Company of Philadelphia

319 North Broad Street

BRANCHES—Bethlehem, Camden, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Reading, Trenton, Williamsport, Wilmington



### The Best Sunday Dinner in Town

Tomorrow we head our menu with a special Southern Planked-Shad Dinner. Price, \$1.50. And follow it up with a choice of other special dinners that is sure to satisfy your taste and your purse.

Our "Hurry-Up" Service is a Feature

**The NEW HOTEL MANOVER**  
Twelfth and Arch Sts.  
CLAUDE M. MOHR, Mgr.  
(Entrance on 12th St.)